

ELIZABETH.



A NOVEL.



IN THREE VOLUMES.



VOL. III.

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ELIZABETH.

CHAP. XXVI.

AS soon as Elizabeth arose, she again went to the place of observation, —but all was still, nor could she tell if her paper was taken away. When she met Count Velasco and Madame de Tourval at breakfast, she had great difficulty to suppress her resentment, and behave with tolerable civility to them, but she thought it most prudent to dissemble a little, and

wait 'till night for the return of her friend's answer, whom she doubted not waited till night should favor the intelligence;—she therefore contented herself with telling them that she had written to one of her guardians, and she wished the letter to be sent immediately. She thought both the Count and Madame de Tourval looked confused, when she first entered the room;—the latter, she was certain, darted many malignant looks at her, but she disregarded them and waited for night with the impatience of a lover who expects to meet the object of his wishes. She thought the day uncommonly long and tedious, and she hastened to her apartment an hour before the usual time, in hopes that her unknown friend would be punctual. As soon as she got into
her

her room, she placed the candle upon the floor, that the light might signify her being there, and she sat with her eyes fixed upon the aperture from whence she had the preceding night perceived the billet.—She waited a long time and nothing appeared,—her patience began to be exhausted, she stooped down, but she could see nothing;—she put a long fan stick under the board, to try if her own billet remained there, but she could find nothing;—she even called in a low voice, “I am here,” but all to no purpose, a profound stillness succeeded, and after three long hours watching she retired to bed, fatigued and disappointed.

When the morning returned, she thought of various measures to pursue,

in order to get from the house.—Her friend seemed to have forsaken her, and she had nobody on whom she could depend but herself.—She had written to Mr. Selwyn, but it appeared a matter of doubt whether her letter would be sent safely to the post; she determined, at last, to make a bold effort at once, and desire a carriage might be procured for her, and take her leave; for under what pretence or colour could they detain her?

Having, therefore, concerted her plan, she took the first opportunity of addressing Madame de Tourval, by saying, “It is no longer convenient
“or proper for me to continue my
“visit, and I shall be much obliged
“if you will order me a carriage to
“convey me to Brussels.” Madame
de

de Tourval, with a contemptuous smile, and waving her hand, replied, "I refer you to Count Velasco for that permission, you are now his visitor," and so saying she left the room. Elizabeth felt her indignation struggling with her fears; for the speech and manner of this woman had excited both;—when the Count, turning to her, said, "Yes, lovely creature, you are now my visitor, and I hope will long remain so;—this house is mine,—I only lend it to Madame de Tourval as suits my convenience; I have long been your prisoner, it is now your turn to be mine, but I will hold you in the gentlest chains that ever love and adoration formed!" and saying this he caught her in his arms, and attempted to kiss her lips.—She struggled violently to

disengage herself, and the terror, surprise, and resentment which his declaration and behaviour had occasioned, had nearly overcome her; but she was happily relieved by a flood of tears.

The various passions which agitated her breast, prevented her speaking, and gave the Count an opportunity to proceed in the following manner:—

“ That I love you to distraction is
“ evident, and equally so that I
“ would obtain your’s in return.—I
“ offer my whole fortune to your disposal, and I wish not to offend your
“ delicacy;—say that you will be
“ mine, and a priest shall instantly
“ unite us, according to the ceremonies of your own church.—I
“ have a house and an estate in
“ England,

“ England, whither, if you prefer it,
“ you shall go;—but if you refuse my
“ offers,—if you are deaf to the most
“ ardent of lovers, know, that you are
“ in my absolute power, and nothing
“ shall prevent my wishes, upon what
“ terms I choose.”

During this speech Elizabeth had time to recollect herself, and to conquer, in some degree, that resentment which she but too plainly saw would only determine her fate; she, therefore, told the Count, with as much composure as she could collect,—that she had before told him she was a married woman, and it was certainly true, however her husband's having deserted and abandoned her, might give her cause to forget him:—For this reason she could not consider herself at liberty
to

to marry again, before some enquiry had been made concerning him, and he must allow her to write to her guardians before she could make any determination on her own part. Notwithstanding the cool and civil manner in which Elizabeth delivered this speech, the Count made a great joke of her marriage, told her it could not be binding, and that he would only allow her three days to consider of his proposal, at the expiration of which time he should expect a decisive and favorable answer. Elizabeth rejoiced to think she should have that time allowed her, because she determined to employ it in contriving some means whereby she might escape from this detestable house, and equally detested inhabitants. She came to a resolution that no dangers should deter her from

at

at least making an attempt. If her life was the forfeit, it would be lost in the defence of her honor, and she thought, during three days, she might hit upon some stratagem likely to insure her success. She knew that a bribe carried charms superior in general to the fidelity of a common servant, and she was resolved to try that method of prevailing upon some one of the domestics to assist her;—certain it was, she had a friend not far off, who seemed interested in her cause. However, as such a scheme required great circumspection and prudence, after deep consideration she changed her plan, and determined to have no confidants, but trust only to herself. She had no doubt, if she could once get out of the house, she should find some peasant, who, by the temptation of money

money, would procure her a horse, or some means that might facilitate her escape;—and as she spoke the language very well, and had strength and spirits to support fatigue, she feared no danger but that of not being able to effect her escape.

She judged it proper to make no attempt before the second day, but to appear as easy and composed as possible, that she might give no cause for suspicion. In the mean time she viewed the windows of every room she was accustomed to survey, but they promised no success, being all of them very high and barred,—and she knew that night must be the time to favor her escape. During this interval she was under the cruel necessity of hearing repeated declarations of love and

and fondness from Count Velasco; and what was even still worse and more offensive, the gross insinuations and unrestrained conversation of Madame de Tourval, who having so long worn the resemblance of virtue and refined manners, was now glad to throw off the mask, and appear in her own diabolical character.

Elizabeth spoke as little to her as she possibly could help, and received the compliments of Count Velasco with a very ill grace; and could scarce think herself safe for a moment in the company of two people whom she considered to be capable of the worst of crimes. Indeed, when her imagination took a retrospection of past occurrences, she entertained very little doubt of Count Velasco's having been
the

the murderer of Lord Landover; and from recollecting the great hurry in which Madame de Tourval left Bruffels, she very justly concluded, that her fears for being considered as an accomplice, by the Police, had occasioned her haste to leave that city;— and Elizabeth herself might come under the same suspicions, for any thing she knew to the contrary.— Shocking thought! and still more horrid, that she was yet in the power of these wretches, and from whom, without a miracle, she could not escape.— She trusted, however, in that power which could alone sustain and save her; and when the night in which she meant to begin her enterprize approached, she most fervently prayed to the Almighty for his protection and assistance. She knew she must wait
till

'till the whole family were in bed, and every thing perfectly quiet, before she attempted even to open her door, as the most profound caution was necessary. The moon, as if conscious of favoring her design, shone with uncommon lustre, and she thought it would be most prudent to extinguish her light before she left her chamber. She fancied that Count Velasco slept in that which was opposite to her's, and which she had seen,—but she wished still to know who inhabited the one next to her's, which she had found fastened,—because she suspected her billet might still remain there; and moreover as it was evident, that conveyed to her, came from that room, she could not resist the curiosity which led her to see what that room contained.

She

She packed up all her jewels in as small a compass as she could, and put them into her pocket,—and she put a large sum of money, with some linen, in her other pocket. She then put out her candle, and having summoned up all the resolution she could collect, she ventured to open her door.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVII.

HAVING both opened and shut her door very softly, she stood for near the space of a minute to observe if every thing was perfectly still and quiet.—She then proceeded to the door on the left of her apartment, and finding it open she was at first apprehensive that some of Count Velasco's servants might sleep there, and she

she rather repented having attempted it;—but as all was perfectly still, she ventured to look in, and perceiving no bed in it she advanced and found it to be a kind of lumber room, large and out of repair.—She walked to the side nearest her own chamber, and observed the aperture in the boards, but there was no billet, or appearance of any paper;—she then examined the window, but it was exactly the same as that in her own chamber. She then proceeded down five steps into a passage where she knew some of the servants slept, she, therefore, stepped very carefully to the end of it, hoping to find some back staircase, which might lead to the offices, from whence she thought to make her escape. She soon, to her great joy, discovered a narrow

narrow staircase, down which she tremblingly descended; — but how great was her grief and disappointment to find at the bottom a door, which all her strength could not open. — She exerted all her force, but it was in vain, the door appeared to be fastened on the other side, and she sunk down upon the bottom step, in an agony of disappointment not to be described. To return back again was an idea not to be supported, and to stay where she was, was equally fruitless. — Sometimes she thought if she waited there 'till morning, some of the servants would probably find her, and by the all-powerful magnet of gold, might be induced to assist her; — but then, she considered, how much time would be lost in making her escape, and with

how much more ease she might be retaken should she be pursued, even supposing she should meet with any person inclined to assist her.

After revolving these things in her mind, she considered an application to the servants might be reserved as a last resource, when every other trial might fail; and that if she must be reduced to solicit the assistance of a servant, the sooner she applied the better; and as she concluded no time was to be lost, she hastened again up the staircase, determining to open the first door in the passage, and implore the aid of whomsoever she might find there. Accordingly she ascended with as much caution as she had descended, and when she arrived at the top, she
perceived

perceived a door up two steps, immediately opposite the staircase, which had before escaped her notice. She paused a moment,—a violent palpitation at her heart prevented her advancing, and she saw no reason why she should not venture down the great staircase; but she knew it only led into the hall and the rooms adjoining, all the windows of which were barred, and the doors which led to the passages she knew were fastened.

During these reflections her hand rested upon the lock of the door abovementioned;—a secret impulse urged her to open it,—and again a fearful dread prevented her. She cast up her eyes, and implored the protection of Heaven, and that it would

aid her in a righteous cause. Her courage returned, and she opened the door;—all was silent,—the room was large and ill furnished.—At the further end stood the bed, with the curtains drawn round it. Some female habiliments lying about served to encourage her approach to the bed. The moon shone full upon it, and she gently opened the curtains, when the dead corpse of a woman presented itself to her affrighted view.—She uttered a faint involuntary scream, and experienced a terror impossible to be described;—every faculty of her soul seemed suspended, and she lost all sense of her own danger, in contemplating the object before her.

When

When recollection returned, her first idea was, that of the person having been murdered; although there was no appearance to lead her to such a suspicion.

The body seemed delicate, it might be her friend, and she might have been put to death for attempting to save her. These were the ideas that suggested themselves as she stood gazing at the inanimate body.

Elizabeth had never seen any person dead but Mrs. Raymond, and the body now before her exhibited the same ghastly appearance;—but when she looked at Mrs. Raymond she turned from the view, as horrid and disgusting, whereas, a contrary im-

pulse now rivetted her to the side of the corpse, about which she felt interested, and so reluctant to leave, that a sense of her own danger never occurred to her imagination. She fixed her eyes upon the countenance, till she fancied she perceived a motion like breathing, and putting her hand upon the heart, she was very sure it returned a faint motion.—Elizabeth was convinced the person was not quite dead,—what could she do to afford any assistance?—She recollected having a bottle of smelling salts in her pocket, she instantly applied them to the nose, and in a few seconds the eyes opened, and a faint sigh expressed returning life. Elizabeth looked eagerly round the room for something to give her to drink, and finding some

water

water in a glass she gently raised up her head, and applying the water to her mouth, she had the pleasure to see that it revived her; she sprinkled some on her face, and immediately the dying woman articulated the words "Good God!" Elizabeth asked her if she was better, and expressed her wonder that she should be left alone in such a state. To which the other replied, with many pauses and a very inward voice, "I have been dying for some days, but I have no claim upon humanity;—the conflict between life and death has been severe, but I feel the latter is almost become the conqueror." "Ah!" said Elizabeth, "let me call some person to your assistance?" "No," said the other, "none in this house can

"can afford me any!" "Tell me," said Elizabeth, "are not you the person I once saw, and did not you, by a note, warn me of my danger?" "I am," replied the other, "and guess you are my countrywoman, basely trepann'd to this infernal place. From the moment I beheld you, I felt a wish to save you, but my design was discovered, and I fear you cannot escape.— Words may not be long lent me, know then, that the man who calls himself Count Velasco, is no such person, but is Lord Veremont." "Lord Veremont!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "can you then inform me what is become of Lady Spencer?" "In me behold that wretched woman," replied the other, "justly punished for
"ingratitude

“ingratitude and infidelity to the best
“of men.” “Gracious God!” said
Elizabeth, “you are my mother!”
and falling upon her knees by the
bedside, tenderly embraced her. The
powers of Lady Spencer were again
suspended, but presently reco-
vering, she lifted her eyes towards
Heaven, saying, “Merciful God!
“how unworthy I am of this great
“comfort!” and then turning to
Elizabeth, she said, “are you, in-
“deed, my child?—my young Eli-
“zabeth, whom I so inhumanly
“deserted?—How dare I ask?—yet
“tell me of your father!”—“He is
“dead!” said Elizabeth, “he died
“pronouncing forgiveness to you,—
“and conjured me, if I ever should
“meet you, to give you this assurance,
“and

“and that his last prayer was made
“for you.” “Then that pious
“prayer was heard!” said Lady
Spencer, “and in these blessed mo-
“ments, I experience its effects.—O!
“what a passport for a wretched
“sinner!—Come to my arms, my
“dearest daughter, and depend upon
“that Almighty Providence, who
“has graciously vouchsafed this hour
“of consolation to an unworthy crea-
“ture, and will reward thy filial duty
“and protect thy innocence!”

Being extremely exhausted by this exertion, she sunk her head upon the pillow, and closed her eyes. Elizabeth thought she had heard the last sounds of her voice, and hiding her own face with her hands, she bewailed her
her

her loss with the tears of duty and affection; devoutly praying that God Almighty would sanctify the penitence of her mother's departing soul.

It was now day-light, and a female domestic appeared at the door of the chamber, who drew back, and seemed frightened at seeing Elizabeth, who was kneeling and weeping by the bedside of her mother. But she turned round at the noise, and desired she would assist her in endeavouring to recover the lady;—at the same time asking, by whose orders, or by whose negligence she was so inhumanly left at an hour when she required all possible care.

The

The servant began making excuses for her own inability to attend without the orders of others, when Elizabeth told her to lose no time in procuring some wine or cordial, which being immediately produced, Lady Spencer once more opened her eyes, and fixing them upon Elizabeth, she said, in a very low and almost unintelligible voice, "I had much to say, but my strength is not now sufficient."—Then, after a pause, she said, "Lord Veremont is a very bad man,—but not so lost to every sense of virtue, as to persevere in his designs upon you, when he is informed who you are."—Then looking at the servant, and at the same time taking the hand of Elizabeth, she said, in french, "This is my daughter." Then pressing

pressing the hand which she held, she looked up, with an expression of thankfulness, and with a deep sigh expired.

Poor Elizabeth was greatly affected, she remained kneeling, with her eyes fixed upon the corpse, and her hand locked in that of her mother. The agitation she had suffered during the night, together with the surprise the discovery had occasioned, and the loss she now sustained, were circumstances of such complicated affliction, as almost overpowered her faculties. She recollected, however, her situation, and how necessary it was to lose no time in making known to Lord Vere-mont who she was. She therefore, though with reluctance, tore herself from

from the body of Lady Spencer, and sat down, in order to collect as much as possible that strength of mind which could enable her to go through the trial yet remaining, that of informing Lord Veremont of the late events; and she knew how necessary it was to be perfectly collected before she entered upon this trying undertaking.—She, therefore, in order to recruit her spirits, ordered some breakfast, but would not stir from the bedside of her mother.

CHAP.

She

CHAP. XXVIII.

FINDING herself much refreshed, and hearing that Count Velasco and Madame de Tourval waited breakfast for her, she appeared before them with an air of dignity which at once bespoke the superiority of virtue, and seemed already to impress them with an awe and presentiment of what she was going to declare.

She

She looked steadfastly at the Count, and then (to his utter astonishment) addressed him in the following words, " Lord Veremont, you see before you " the unhappy daughter of Lady " Spencer, whose affections you alienated from her husband, who has " fallen an early victim to your cruelty, and who now lies dead in your " house!—Yes, my Lord, that Lady " Spencer whose daughter I am, and " you, to complete your crimes, have " dared to insult with offers of love, " and have detained in your house " for the basest designs!" — Lord Veremont seemed struck with terror and surprise! — He was hesitating some answer, when Madame de Tourval exclaimed, " Romantic folly!—regard not the concerted tales of this " girl,

“girl, and the woman she calls her mother!” “Peace, woman!” replied Elizabeth, “nor dare to interrupt the just feelings of remorse, —the measure of thy crimes wants not any addition!” This spirited and unexpected reply silenced her, and upon receiving a nod of displeasure from Lord Veremont, she instantly quitted the room.

She was no sooner gone than Lord Veremont recovering himself from his first surprise, expressed a desire to hear from Elizabeth by what means she had discovered her mother, and of what she had been informed by her. Elizabeth related in as concise a manner as she could, the circumstance of the billet,—her surprise at receiving

no answer to that she returned,—her attempt to make her escape,—and the providential discovery of her mother, whose unhappy fate she again bewailed. Lord Veremont bid her be comforted, and assured her she should henceforward be entirely her own mistress. He made some slight excuses for his conduct to Lady Spencer, saying that she had been in a decline for a long time, and that he knew not but she was supplied with all proper necessaries. Elizabeth said she much feared her end had been hastened by the want of proper care and attention; and when she told him her last words, whereby she assured her, Lord Veremont was not so lost to virtue as to seek her destruction when he knew who she was, he seemed affected,

fectcd, and said, "poor creature!—
"could she so far forgive me?"
Elizabeth took this favorable moment
to solicit such funeral rites for her mo-
ther, as he had obtained for Mrs.
Raymond, which he faithfully pro-
mised should be performed.

Elizabeth told him she would, with
his permission, stay in his house 'till
after her mother was buried, and to
this also he readily consented. Such
was the change which the occurrences
of a few hours had occasioned.—The
last time Elizabeth had been alone
with Lord Veremont, she was obliged
to hear professions of love from him,
and was casting about in her mind
by what expedient she should escape
from that house she was now asking

to remain in;—and his Lordship, from an aspiring and vehement lover, was become the cool and unassuming friend.

Elizabeth having gone through (with an amazing fortitude and strength of mind) these different trials, which had required all her exertion both of body and mind, retired to her apartment, fatigued, and disconsolate for the loss of her mother; for whom (though she had never experienced any degree of tenderness from her) she felt the most dutiful and tender affection, and sincerely wished her life had been spared, that she might have testified those feelings. With what different sensations did she return to her room from those with which

which she left it on the preceding night; and grieved as she truly was for the loss of her mother, she yet felt a degree of confidence and security, under the present circumstances, which afforded her great comfort and satisfaction.

The next morning she visited the corpse of her mother, for she was not like those many ladies who possess such very fine feelings, that when a friend, or even a near relation, departs this life, their first care is to secure their own ease, and by affecting to be violently agitated at the sight or mention of the deceased, run immediately to some place as distant as may be from the only place where they ought to remain, and leave the person with

whom they should stay, to perform the last duties they can bestow, to the care of servants, or people totally unconnected and indifferent to the dead person, and who act the parts allotted to them, well or ill, according as they think they shall be rewarded for their trouble. But these are offices which it would infinitely better become the nearest relations to perform. Elizabeth saw, with filial piety, the last offices decently and properly executed; and she attended her mother to the grave with an affectionate duty worthy of imitation. Thus having fulfilled all that remained for her to do here, she hastened her departure to Brussels.

She had, as much as possible, avoided the sight of Madame de Tourval,

Tourval, which was become truly hateful to her; and she learnt from the domestic who was present at the last moments of her mother, how cruelly she had been persecuted by this female monster. And that Lady Spencer had not been suffered to appear out of her room for some time before illness had confined her to it; and it appeared that Madame de Tourval had discovered the intercourse of the billet.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXIX.

BEFORE Elizabeth left the house of Lord Veremont, he presented her with a small casket, belonging to Lady Spencer;—it contained some rings and other trinkets, with a very beautiful miniature picture of her Ladyship, painted in Italy, and set with diamonds;—there was likewise a kind of journal, containing some remarkable

markable incidents of her life, and the last written pages mentioned a Mrs. Brereton's being brought to the chateau by Madame de Tourval,—the uncommon interest Lady Spencer took in the fate of this young person, from the first moment she beheld her, and the contrivance she made use of to inform her of her danger, which was discovered by Madame de Tourval's observing her coming out of the chamber adjoining to Elizabeth's, and afterwards finding the returned note, and locking up the room to prevent any farther intercourse between them,—and lastly, of Lady Spencer finding her health decline so fast, that she totally gave up all thoughts of being able to give the young lady any succour or advice.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth

Elizabeth valued this little journal more than all which the casket contained besides, as it gave her such a convincing proof of her mother's sincere repentance. The rest of the journal contained the history of some parts of her life, particularly that time when she began to repent of the dissipated part of it with Lord Veremont. She mentions, with contrition, her great extravagance, and that she was obliged to part with her jewels and other valuables;—for though she was never in absolute want, yet when Lord Veremont grew tired of her, every luxury which was once at her command, was lavished upon other favorites for whom she had the mortification to find herself quite neglected,—and the man for whom she had

had sacrificed her family, fame, and comfort, could now scarce endure her in his sight.—But as this is the general conclusion of all illicit connexions, the reader would find nothing new or entertaining in the remaining part of Lady Spencer's life ; we shall, therefore, return to Elizabeth, of whom Lord Veremont asked what kind of man Mr. Brereton was, and why she persisted in passing for a married woman and taking that name?—Elizabeth candidly informed him of her marriage, and the strange circumstances attending it.—When she had finished speaking, Lord Veremont said, with a smile, “but you have not described the person of this unknown.” She told him he was tall, rather handsome, uncommonly pleasing,

pleasing, and perfectly accomplished. Lord Veremont replied, "his being
"in the navy puzzles me, otherwise
"I think I should know who it is.
"But indeed an adventurer may be
"any thing, and I believe I may ven-
"ture to pronounce that you have no
"proper title to the name of Brereton,
"and if I might advise you, it would
"be to assume that of Spencer on
"your return to England." Elizabeth
entirely approved of this advice; the
name of Brereton had never been propi-
tious to her, on the contrary, it had
been the cause of much misfortune.—
Had she been known by the name of
Spencer, her poor mother would im-
mediately have known and acknow-
ledged her, and that lady's life might
perhaps have been prolonged;—but
(who had ordered Veremont's escape)

then on the other hand, Lord Veremont too might have guessed who she was, and she would probably in that case never have seen her mother; and dreadful as she once thought her situation in this house, the satisfaction of having administered comfort to her mother, in her dying moments, amply recompenced her for any sufferings she had experienced.—She therefore concluded with the wisest of all observations, “That all our own contrivance and foresight is insufficient, when every moment is guided by that power whose wisdom is infinite, and whose superior knowledge and excellence passes man’s understanding.”

Elizabeth having taken leave of Lord Veremont, (who had ordered a carriage

carriage and proper attendants to escort her to Bruffels), thought it unnecessary even to enquire for Madame de Tourval,—she therefore stepped into the carriage without feeling any of those regrets which usually attended her parting scenes. She was alone, but she had none of those idle fears which some females think proper to display, when no dangers exist but those of their own imagination; and because they think it makes them appear consequential, or excites tenderness or some such foolish idea, to all which our heroine was superior.

The spring was now far advanced, the trees began to wear a beautiful appearance, and Elizabeth enjoyed the several views which presented themselves,

selfes, and contributed to make her journey pleasant, notwithstanding she had no companion to share it with her. Sometimes, indeed, when she looked back on past occurrences she felt her spirits depressed, in reflecting how unfortunate she had been in every event in which she had engaged, even where the most inviting and promising appearance had allured her with its gayest colouring; but she had gained experience and she had learned content.

When she arrived at Brussels she went immediately to the lodgings in which Mrs. Raymond had resided, and where she had commenced her acquaintance with the famous Madame de Tourval. Her first care was to
write

write to Mr. Selwyn, for the letter she had written to him from the chateau she did not suppose had ever reached him.

When that gentleman had left Elizabeth at Brussels, he thought he had left her in the best of all protection,—that of a sensible,—worthy,—and ingenious woman, whose age seemed to secure discretion, and whose superior knowledge promised instruction;—such was the appearance of the specious Madame de Tourval, who had engaged to escort Elizabeth back to England, whenever she should be disposed to return. The circumstances beforementioned had, however, so completely frustrated this plan, that it was necessary for Elizabeth

to

to explain in some degree, and inform Mr. Selwyn, they had both been wonderfully deceived in Madame de Tourval; who had behaved in such a manner as to make her either staying alone or travelling alone, more safe and creditable, than being under the protection, or in the company of this woman.

Elizabeth could not farther explain in a letter the motives for her conduct, or the scenes in which she had so lately been engaged. She said she should wait at Brussels for his answer to her letter, respecting her coming home, which she was not at all afraid of undertaking alone. She had put herself into the deepest mourning for her mother,—hired a female domestic,

and lived in the most retired manner. The lodgings of Mrs. Raymond, which she now occupied, brought to her remembrance every idea of that kind friend, whose many virtues she revered with the most grateful esteem, and fresh admiration for the contrast she had so lately experienced.—Every hour brought some fresh memorial of past scenes to her recollection,—and the hours she had passed with Lord Landover were included amongst the most pleasing ones;—the objects he had noticed,—the chairs he had sat on, all recalled to her mind sensations painfully pleasing. Sometimes she fancied he was dead, and though an everlasting bar prevented their union, yet she could not but lament the loss of that fond friendship which had grown

grown from her earliest days, and had been renewed in those of steadier judgment. She enquired of the woman belonging to the house, if she had ever heard the consequences of a duel that was fought between two English noblemen, at such a time, which she specified?—The woman told her she remembered the circumstance and the time perfectly well, but she never heard any certain account;—some people said one of the gentlemen was killed and the other had made his escape;—and at another time, that neither of them were killed, only wounded;—but that the police had made enquiries after Count Velasco and Madame de Tourval soon after the latter had left her house. This account did not serve to give Elizabeth any clear in-

formation of the affair;—she feared the worst, and she knew Lord Veremont and Madame de Tourval to be capable of any dark transaction,—she could, therefore, derive no great consolation from her reflections.

Elizabeth had been of age some months past, and she had formed a plan for her future life, which occupied her thoughts during the time she waited for Mr. Selwyn's letter. The house Mrs. Raymond had so kindly bequeathed her she meant to retire to, and to fix her establishment immediately on her return to England. The house was situated in a pleasant part of Hertfordshire, and she felt comfortable at the idea of possessing a home of her own, before she visited any of her friends.

friends.—Indeed these were chiefly confined to her uncle's family in Lancashire; for she did not much like the thoughts of seeing any of the Woodville's, whom she knew would triumph in the folly of her elopement and the ill consequences which had attended it.

She was one day ruminating upon these matters, and wondering she had received no answer to her letter to Mr. Selwyn, when the door opened and that kind friend presented himself to her view.—She absolutely screamed with delight at so unexpected yet welcome a visitor, and he was no less pleased at finding her well and in safety; for her letter had alarmed him, and he lost no time in setting out to her assistance, considering that

that a fine young woman, alone, and in a foreign country, having but just escaped from the power of an artful wicked woman, was still in great danger, and as he knew not all the circumstances, he thought her situation such as required his immediate attendance.

Elizabeth acknowledged, by every expression of gratitude, how much she was obliged to him for his concern for her; and when she related to him the iniquity of Madame de Tourval,—the dangerous predicament in which she stood with Lord Veremont,—together with the discovery and death of her unhappy mother,—his astonishment could only be equalled by his just admiration of her fortitude and
good

good sense, which had appeared in so conspicuous a light during trials under which many women would have sunk.

Elizabeth proposed to him her plan of living, which he entirely approved, and likewise advised her to reassume the name of Spencer.

After a few days, every thing being properly arranged, Mr. Selwyn and Elizabeth set out for England. They made easy journeys, staying at every place in their road which was worthy of notice; and being arrived at Calais they set sail with a fair wind for England. The voyage was short and uncommonly pleasant, Elizabeth was remarkably

remarkably fond of the water, and was not the least sick.

When they arrived in London Elizabeth lodged at a hotel for a few days; after which she went to her house in Hertfordshire, where she settled herself very much to her comfort and satisfaction.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

ELIZABETH formed very few acquaintance,—one or two of her neighbours she found agreeable and they made the chief of her society. — The generality were not such as she could associate with,—they were people who had gained immense fortunes by trade, and lived in a stile of expence and extravagance by no means suited

suit to her taste, even had her fortune been equal to their's; nor were their manners more calculated to excite either her admiration or her imitation, for nothing could be more vulgar than their display of furniture, — apparel, — produce of their hot-houses, &c. &c. without any other knowledge than to admire and devour, and expect all their visitors to be as ignorant as themselves. Elizabeth gave them no offence, and she rather chose the imputation of being thought singular, than the popular wish of universal applause; and it only excited a smile of pleasure when she was told that Miss Carolina Sophia Matilda Watkins (the great timber-merchant's daughter) had declared, in a large company, “That Miss Spencer was
“ one

“one of the *most oddest, dullest, most*
“*unaccountablest* women, she had ever
“seen, and *never seemed to enjoy*
“*nothing.*”

In this state of stupidity was our heroine found one evening by Mr. Selwyn, who delivered into her hands a large parcel, and then informed her he had received an account of the death of Mr. Burnaby the night before, with an order from that gentleman's lawyer to deliver that parcel into the hands of Miss Elizabeth Spencer.

Elizabeth knew that this paper contained the history of his life, as well as the mystery of her marriage,—yet such was her dread of discovering some horrid secret, that for once her
fears

fears and trepidations overcame her curiosity, and she walked up and down the room in extreme agitation; at the same time letting fall several tears to the memory of a man in whose company she had passed her earliest days, —the friend of her father, and a person who in one instance of her life had interested himself on her account in a very extraordinary manner. She never liked his stern manners, nor ever wished to live with him, but now every fault was forgotten and lost in a tender remembrance of his virtues.

Mr. Selwyn urged her to open the parcel, as he thought it might contain something which might require either his advice or consolation;—but when she opened the seals, and he saw
the

the number of sheets it contained, he advised her to defer the reading of it to a time when she had collected more composure, and he would come again if any thing relating to herself should particularly require his presence. Elizabeth likewise observing how voluminous it was, did not begin the perusal while Mr. Selwyn staid; when she did, she found the following narrative, which we here present to our readers.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXI.

The History of Mr. BURNABY.

MR. George Burnaby was the only child of a gentleman in the kingdom of Ireland, who dying when Mr. Burnaby was an infant, his mother being a native of England, and partial to her own country, brought the child over, and settled in a small village in the vicinity of London.

It

It is a well received and generally a very just opinion, that the composition of good and evil is so exactly mixed in the human mind, that every one of us, at his first formation, received such an equal proportion of both, so blended together, that it would be impossible to know which should predominate;—and where either has prevailed in any very extraordinary degree, it may be chiefly attributed to the mode of education bestowed upon the object, and the examples which have been set before them. There are likewise (if the expression may be allowed) a third sort of beings, who are composed of such weak materials that neither vice or virtue can in any great degree predominate;—men of this order may be ranked under the
denomination

denomination of cowards,—effeminate
—false—mean—or enthusiasts. When
this compound is collected in the
form of woman, she is weak,—posi-
tive,—vain,—and conceited;—she
fancies vice is no part of our materials,
and is only to be acquired;—that no-
thing of our nature is to be conquered
or endeavoured to be mended;—and
as she considers herself the model of
perfection, so she despises all kind of
advice, and acts only from the result
of her own opinions.

Of this order was Mrs. Burnaby,
and the foregoing digression has been
introduced by way of preface or apo-
logy for the many unaccountable and
inconsistent actions which will appear
in the life of Mr. Burnaby, of whom
his

his mother was so extravagantly fond, that her mistaken judgement was displayed in the effects of her indulgence from his earliest infancy. Before he could speak, he was very sensible that exerting his voice and setting up a hideous yelling, would obtain every wish of his heart and desire of his eyes. For this reason traps were placed in the garden to catch sparrows and robins, that he might have the pleasure of squeezing them to death. Even young kittens had their claws and teeth taken out, that he might torment them without fear of their returning resentment. When he could speak and walk, inferior children were brought to play with him, with strict injunctions never to contradict or take any thing from him, unless it were

pinches and flaps, which were never to be returned;—and when he advanced still farther in age, servants were continually discharged for daring to dispute or disobey any of his orders.

Thus the folly of the mother and waywardness of the child increased with his years, and on the first day he was put in breeches, his fancy was to ride upon a sirloin of beef which was roasting at the fire. — The beef was immediately drawn to a proper distance from the fire, and he was placed astride upon it; but finding the heat rather unpleasant, he instantly ordered himself to be taken off, and the only consequence was that of spoiling his breeches. He was indulged in eating every thing most pleasing to his palate, the

the consequence of which was, his being frequently sick; and not liking any medicine to approach his mouth, his sufferings were consequently of longer duration, and he was indebted to a good constitution for his cure.

He had naturally a taste for reading, — a retentive memory, — and not altogether void of judgement. — French and dancing he learned when he found himself disposed to attend to the lessons of his respective masters, and those Mrs. Burnaby thought were essential branches in education; but a further knowledge in books, besides those he had read, she deemed quite unnecessary: — and the idea of a school, where he would be subjected to a thousand dangers, and initiated into

every vice, always conveyed such a terror to her imagination, that she never even allowed it a place in her thoughts.

Such a system of education would have spoiled the best disposition that ever inhabited a human body; it cannot, therefore, be matter of wonder, that at the age of ten years he became a burden to himself,—a terror to the servants,—and obnoxious to every visitor who frequented the house.

Mrs. Burnaby was a not less pitiable object herself;—friends she had but very few,—her acquaintance made a jest of her,—and her tradesmen offended her.—Her butcher was never to be pardoned because he had refused

to

to kill a calf, at a very unseasonable hour, the heart of which Master Burnaby wanted to have stuffed and roasted for his supper.

Thus were two beings rendered miserable, both of which might have been useful members of society and mutual comforts to each other. The constant agitation Mrs. Burnaby suffered lest her son should be exposed to the dangers incident to human nature, was an increasing torment to her; and her perpetual anxiety brought on a complaint which seemed to threaten a speedy dissolution.—Indeed, the concern she felt at the thoughts of leaving her son exposed to the manifold dangers of the world, increased her malady, and she might

truly be said to fall a martyr to her fondness for her offspring. She appointed guardians such as she thought would execute the trust reposed in them; and when Mr. Burnaby was little more than twelve years of age, he became, by his mother's death, subject to the will and directions of two gentlemen who had been the friends of his father.

As his mother's fortune came immediately to him, and might be reckoned at twenty thousand pounds, they were determined to give him as good an education as could be bestowed, allowing for the way in which he had been indulged. He was accordingly sent to Eton School, and from his parts and quick comprehension, would have

have done credit to that seminary of learning, like many others that had gone before him; but it was now too late, the mischief was deeply rooted, and to alter his disposition must have been to have given him a new constitution. When he saw a boy eating, or in any other way possessing what he wanted, he made no scruple of instantly snatching it from him; and when in consequence he received a hearty box on the ear, or a severe kick, he would return it with such violence and fury, as frequently procured himself a very severe drubbing.—Yet, notwithstanding this, his temper was so resolute—so obstinate—and self-willed, that he was subject to very severe punishments, all of which were felt more keenly for the great indulgence he had formerly

formerly experienced.—Still he fancied the world was made to please him, and he looked forward to the time when he should become his own master, as a period when he would, without controul, gratify every wish of his heart.

In the mean time he made a proficiency in learning, beyond the expectations of any of those who had the care of him; and who very frequently wished the time arrived of his being of age, and releasing them from so disagreeable a charge.

The only method he had of revenge for the many blows he received, was that of lampooning, which he did with so much wit and severe satire, that

that even the masters themselves withheld some strokes of the rod, least those of his pen should wound them with more severity. Thus had he gone through five years of flogging,—kicking,—cuffing,—and writing at school, at the expiration of which time he was entered at ——— College, Oxford, a change of scene highly agreeable and consonant to his wishes.

Here he not only studied the muses, but likewise their sisters, the graces;—his hair was dressed twice every day, in the most fashionable and nicest order,—his waistcoats were of the newest cut and quality,—the fashion of his buckles were changed every week,—and his essences, powders, and pomatums came to an enormous sum.

sum.—Other extravagancies, bearing the same proportion to the above, soon made his guardians recall him from that seat of learning; and they proposed travelling, as a means of drawing him from the follies of his own country. Fond of change, he readily obeyed their mandate, and the same pursuits, and the same propensities engaged him on the continent; always gratifying every desire of his fancy and wish of his heart, howsoever obtained.

He remained there for some time after he came of age,—and when he returned to England, brought with him all the appendages of fashion, and extravagancies of folly.

At

At his return, music became his favorite amusement, and as he was allowed to possess some taste, his company was desired and well received in the first circles.

It happened one day that he went to a famous master of music, who was teaching a beautiful girl;—she appeared to be about sixteen years of age, and displayed an uncommon power of voice and execution.—She was designed to appear as a singer on the stage, the next season, and Mr. Burnaby conceived a violent desire to introduce this vocal genius to a more select audience, as his own private property. He therefore thought the offer of a handsome settlement would readily be accepted, and he pleased himself

himself with the idea of possessing so entertaining a mistress.—But the poor girl no sooner understood his intention than she absolutely refused his offer, and set a higher value on her virtue than he expected;—in short, nothing less than marriage were the terms upon which she could be obtained. Mr. Burnaby had no great inclination for so binding a fetter, but have her he must; and that childish gratification which he had always been used to have indulged, could not now bear disappointment.

The girl's mother kept a little shop, and being delighted with the idea of her daughter's marrying a gentleman, her consent was easily obtained; and he was very soon in possession of his bride,

bride, of whom, for the first month, he was passionately fond.

Her vocal powers were not neglected, and in all companies she shone unrivalled as the best private singer.— Her person too was extremely handsome, and Mr. Burnaby spared no expence in a profusion of ornaments to decorate her charms.— They hired a handsome house in Berkeley-Square, kept a great deal of company, and his fortune diminished very rapidly.— His family too promised an increase at this time,—and Mrs. Burnaby had improved so fast in elegant expences, that her husband really began to find his income would not be adequate to the expence in which they lived, and, for the first time in his life, he reflected
upon

upon himself for having committed a foolish action.—But he knew no remedy, and fate perhaps befriended him in this extremity, by depriving him of his wife in the same hour that he became the father of a son; as in all probability had she lived, they must have been reduced to poverty, or to the degrading necessity of her singing for a livelihood, because she was (if possible) more thoughtless and extravagant than Mr. Burnaby himself. He did not grieve violently for her loss, as to say truth, the novelty of her beauty and her voice being past, she had no other recommendation to secure his affections, and he had, for some time, been tired of her.

He

He now, therefore, parted with his house and furniture,—put his child out to nurse in a village near London,—and began to live in a more private manner.—His fortune had received such diminution, that he was reduced to a mode of living he by no means liked. He had likewise now another to provide for, and something must be thought of to procure future comforts and save the little wreck of remaining fortune.

The friends with whom he chiefly lived were all men of fortune, most of them younger than himself, and not very well calculated to give lessons of oeconomy or to be judges of future necessity,—of this number Lord Veremont was one;—he was just then entering

tering into life, and said things hastily which time and experience taught him to repent of. He one day told Mr. Burnaby that if he would take orders, he had a good living in his gift, which was likely to become vacant, and he would present him to it. Mr. Burnaby having exacted this promise, he immediately went to Oxford upon the strength of it, went through the necessary degrees, and was ordained upon the title of a curacy near London. He now grew impatient to hear of the death of the incumbent, at ———, and in the mean time lived with his gay companions, in a style of life not very honorable to the clerical order.

His

His son was grown a fine boy,—he had placed him at Westminster School, intending him either for the navy or army, as soon as he should be old enough to choose which profession he preferred. Mr. Burnaby (with all his faults) had spared no pains or expence in the education of him, being very sensible how much he had suffered himself, and how many of his misfortunes originated from the very improper indulgence of his mother.—Young Burnaby possessed a good natural understanding, which had been highly cultivated, but he had, in several little instances shewn a propensity to deceiving, which cast a cloud upon his character, and when discovered, destroyed the good opinion which his fine open countenance and

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generous manners had inspired. Mr. Burnaby took great pains to root out this growing evil, as soon as he discovered it, well knowing it was the most likely vice to prevent his advancement in whatever line he might engage.—It bespoke a something of low cunning, at which the heart of Mr. Burnaby recoiled; and was accompanied by a specious manner that made it the more dangerous, and he greatly feared would be productive of some fatal mischiefs.—And here too Mr. Burnaby took perhaps a wrong method, and one as likely to produce ill effects, as the great indulgence practiced by his mother towards him, for he adopted the contrary extreme, and treated the boy with so much stern severity, that he trembled to
come

come near him, and had recourse to deceit, to shield himself from anger. He had chosen the army for his profession, and was now placed at an academy near London, to learn the requisite exercises and science of that useful body of men. When he was arrived at a proper age, his father bought him a commission in a marching regiment, which soon after being ordered upon foreign duty, Mr. Burnaby bestowed many lessons of good advice upon the young man, and notwithstanding his own conduct was not strictly conformable either to his age or profession, — yet there are few minds, however depraved themselves, but wish to see virtues in those most nearly connected with them; — and how many are the number of fathers,

who condemn (with unmerciful rigour) that in their sons, which they are not ashamed to practice themselves.

Young Burnaby knowing this to be the case with his father, would hear his precepts,—would promise to regulate his future conduct by them,—and would immediately go and ridicule his father for his duplicity, to his companions, amongst whom was Lord Veremont, who had conceived some very unaccountable dislike to Mr. Burnaby; and being perfectly well acquainted with the characters of both father and son, was always entertained with the several stories which he heard from both: and being many years older than young Burnaby, so far from giving him good advice, was
always

always spiring him up to rebel against his father.

At length the time arrived that young Burnaby went abroad, and soon after the incumbent of the living of ———, dying, Lord Veremont, much against his inclination, presented it to Mr. Burnaby.—But he could not, without forfeiting his honor, recal a promise he had made in very early youth, and before he knew the value of the gift, which he now wished to have bestowed on a better beloved companion. Mr. Burnaby, however, claimed the prior promise, and was accordingly put in possession of it; but as residence was not required, he continued to live in the vicinity of London, and to pass his time, as usual,

with convivial companions. It happened, one night, at Covent-Garden Theatre, he strolled into a box which contained two ladies and Lord Veremont. His Lordship introduced his friend Mr. Burnaby to them, and the ladies to Mr. Burnaby, by the names of Mrs. Deercroft and her daughter.—The latter appeared to be an uncommon fine woman,—remarkably lively, — and highly accomplished. From the free manner in which Lord Veremont addressed them, Mr. Burnaby conceived them to be of that order of females whose characters authorized such familiarity, but he soon discovered his mistake. Mrs. Deercroft was the widow of an officer, and her daughter was her only child, who had been brought up in a very
tonish

tonish style, and would have a fortune of five thousand pounds. Mr. Burnaby thought he had never seen a more beautiful or a more fascinating creature. The impulse of his early days took possession of him, and in his own mind he determined that she should be his.—No exertion of gallantry or politeness was omitted,—he strove by every possible method to make himself agreeable, and he was indeed, truly in love. The girl he had married he only fancied himself in love with, and it was a mere flight of the imagination; but here reason as well as fancy approved, and the latter had led Miss Deercroft to the rectory at —, where she graced his table,—adorned his house,—and enlivened his solitude, by those various charms
and

and accomplishments which she possessed in so high a degree.

His very gentleman-like manners, together with his profession, easily gained him admittance at Mrs. Deercroft's.—Indeed, whether the old lady thought Mr. Burnaby a more proper match for herself than for her daughter, cannot be ascertained; certain it was, however, that he was a great favorite with her, and he was received by the young lady with politeness and attention.—But, alas! she was only nineteen, and Mr. Burnaby could at this time double that date in his own years. He had frequently the mortification to see her receive attentions from Lord Veremont, with great complaisance and appearance of satisfaction.

fatisfaction.—Whether she thought a coronet would be a desirable ornament, or whether she really liked Lord Veremont, was not certainly known;—but whatever were her views, his Lordship's designs were of a far different nature, for he wanted her upon easier terms than marriage, and had declared this his intention to Mr. Burnaby, who expressed his resentment at such an offer being even suggested, where he thought every respect and homage that could be imagined was due.—Indeed he resented it in very high terms, at the same time declaring his intention of making her an offer of marriage, to which Lord Veremont replied, “very well, Burnaby, so you
“shall, and I shall think you the most
“obliging fellow in the world, to
take

“take her off my hands when I am
“tired of her,—which I promise you
“will be very soon.” Mr. Burnaby’s
rage at these words is not to be
described;—though Lord Veremont
was his patron, he forgot all obli-
gation,—he forgot all prudence, for
he abused him in the most violent
terms, assuring him that he would in-
form Miss Deercroft what very ho-
norable proposals he meant to make
her. Lord Veremont bid him at his
peril attempt such information, for if
he did, an opportunity of revenge
should not be neglected, which might
cause him everlasting repentance.—
Mr. Burnaby paid no regard to his
threats, and they parted upon terms of
bitter animosity. Mr. Burnaby lost
no time in acquainting both Mrs.
Deercroft

Deercroft and her daughter with Lord Veremont's truly dishonorable intentions, at which they both expressed great surprise, and some indications of disbelief. However that might be, Mr. Burnaby made her an immediate offer of marriage, with the most liberal terms of settlement respecting her own fortune; but to his great mortification and everlasting regret, he was refused.—Miss Deercroft thought him too old, and perhaps had other views.—However, the disappointment sat heavy upon Mr. Burnaby,—he loved her ardently and sincerely, and such was still the desire of gratification for the object upon which his heart was set, that he renewed his offers,—acted the most ridiculous part,—and even offered to relinquish
his

his profession, if it was that to which she had an objection.—In short, nothing could excuse his conduct, but the consideration, that love can never really and violently be felt but once in a person's life;—and this period was now arrived to poor Mr. Burnaby, who felt the refusal with a distraction and impatience, peculiar to his disposition and the severity of his disappointment. A settled lowness of spirits seemed to have laid fast hold of him,—and whenever chance threw him in the way of Lord Veremont, his Lordship shewed no little triumph at observing his apparent mortification:—Not that Mr. Burnaby would ever believe that his Lordship had succeeded in his views upon Miss Deercroft;—Mr. Burnaby had such an
opinion

opinion of the virtue and honor of that young lady, that he deemed it next to impossible.

In the mean time young Burnaby returned home with his regiment;— he was still very young, but much improved,—notwithstanding, after a short residence in England, Mr. Burnaby found himself called upon to defray his debts, and he found his expences and his extravagance far beyond what he could allow him, and frequently remonstrated with him on this account, but to very little purpose. Lord Veremont, who though many years older than young Burnaby, associated with him continually, and led him into all kinds of vice and extravagance, on purpose to vex his father.

Things

Things were in this state when the elder Mr. Burnaby (who chiefly resided at a curacy which he had near London) received a very penitential letter from Lord Veremont, expressing his sincere regret for what had passed, —asked his pardon in the most submissive terms, —and begged leave to wait upon him the next morning, upon an affair of business, which immediately related to his son's happiness, and would, in the highest degree secure his own. —Mr. Burnaby knew not well what to make of this letter, —but it was couched in such terms, that he could not doubt of its veracity; and as he concluded that his son was involved in some difficulty from which Lord Veremont meant to extricate him, —he therefore, after
benisido much

much debate with himself, came to the resolution of returning a civil answer, saying that every thing should be forgotten, and he should be happy to exchange forgiveness and to see his Lordship.

The next morning Lord Veremont and young Burnaby arrived, and after mutual expressions of amity and forgiveness, Lord Veremont opened the business of their visit, by first stating some particular debts young Burnaby unavoidably had contracted, and how impossible it was for him to live upon so small an income;—that a most fortunate opportunity now offered to extricate him from his present difficulties, as well as insure his future happiness and fortune:—but this could not be
obtained

obtained without the assistance of Mr. Burnaby, whom he proceeded to inform, that a young lady of large fortune had fallen in love with young Burnaby.—That she was under age and knew it would be in vain to endeavour to obtain the consent of her guardians, and that she had an invincible objection to going to Scotland, so that no safe plan could be suggested, but a marriage performed according to the old established rules, before the marriage act took place, by which means her borrowed name only would be known to Mr. Burnaby.—He, therefore, could not know who he had united to his son;—and to elude all investigation, the young people would set out for the Continent, as soon as the ceremony was performed, “Thus,” said

said Lord Veremont, "you will be the means of putting your son into possession of a handsome fortune, together with the woman that he loves; and the performance of the marriage ceremony will remain a secret, confined to the knowledge of our own breasts. But," added he, "to complete your felicity, the hand of Miss Deercroft will be your reward for this compliance."—These last words acted like a talisman upon the mind of Mr. Burnaby. Whatever objections had arose in his mind, —whatever absurdity had appeared in the proposal,—how great soever the danger of acting contrary to the laws of his country,—however he exposed his life to the power of Lord Veremont and to the mercy of his son, all

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these considerations in a moment vanished, at the bare idea of Miss Deercroft's favoring his wishes. Such was the power of love, that had the business been more dangerous, if possible, than it really was, he would have consented; and to gain the woman he loved, he would have made any sacrifice, for he could not conceal his transports. Though a sensible man in other respects, reason at once yielded to his unbounded passion, and when for a moment the idea of the young lady's guardians insisting upon knowing the name of the clergyman who had given young Burnaby a legal claim to her fortune, presented itself with all its frightful consequences, it was as instantly rejected, and supplied by the pleasing idea of his beloved

Miss

Miss Deercroft; with whom, if the laws of his country were to be enforced with the severest rigour, it would be heaven to live, in any other kingdom, where no such laws existed. With reasoning like this he did away all scruples, and was lost in the delirium of love. Thus regardless of every serious consideration, and suspecting neither fraud nor design in the contrivance, — forgetting the vices which so strongly marked Lord Veremont's character, — the recent quarrel that had passed between them, — his vows of revenge, — and lastly, the duplicity which had always formed a conspicuous part in the character of his own son, — forgetting all these important considerations, he, in one fatal moment, gave his consent to an act

which embittered all his future days, and utterly destroyed his peace.

Lord Veremont and young Burnaby having compleated their design, exultingly returned to London, promising to bring the young lady down the next morning. The morning came, and first appeared Lord Veremont, in his phaeton, who told Mr. Burnaby that the bride and bridegroom would be there in half an hour;—and he added, that the lady had conceived an odd fancy that no one should behold her face 'till after the ceremony had passed, and therefore Mr. Burnaby must not be surprised to see her appear with a thick veil over her face, and that she would be dressed in a Spanish habit. Mr. Burnaby,

Burnaby, who cared not what she appeared in, was only earnest in the subject nearest his heart, that of knowing when he should be again admitted to the presence of Miss Deercroft?—Lord Veremont assured him, it should be that very day, if he wished it, and added, “I will, myself, present you “with her hand.” Mr. Burnaby seemed elated with joy,—and sense,—judgement,—with every sober recollection, were lost in the idea of his future happiness.

The bride and bridegroom arrived, the former habited as Lord Veremont had described; and every thing being in readiness, they proceeded to the church, where Lord Veremont gave away the bride, and they were ac-

cordingly married. Mr. Burnaby having thus sacredly pronounced them husband and wife, and finished the blessing, Lord Veremont led the bride to Mr. Burnaby, and desired her to lift up her veil, which she immediately did, and discovered to the astonished sight of that poor infatuated man, the identical Miss Deercroft, Lord Veremont saying, at the same time, “thus Sir, I fulfil my promise, “in presenting you the hand of Miss “Deercroft! — Behold and receive “her as your daughter,—a character “she will much better become than “that of your wife;—and to prove “that every precaution has been “taken to render the marriage secure, know, that her real name is “Deervan,

“Deervan, and Deercroft is the borrowed one.”

The rage of Mr. Burnaby, for a few seconds, was not to be described, but it presently sunk into a frightful silence, with looks expressive of the distraction which filled his bosom.—He darted a furious look at his son, saying, in words scarcely articulate, “Never again behold my face!” and rushed out of the church. The rest of the company remained no longer than to make a present to the clerk, and to order their respective carriages.—The married couple sat out immediately for the Continent, without any fear of being pursued by guardians, the lady having her fortune in her own power.—She really was in possession of some
few

few thousands, which was the only inducement for young Burnaby to marry her;—but her refusal of the father, together with her hasty marriage, very well accounts for the nature of her acquaintance with Lord Veremont.

Poor Mr. Burnaby was indeed perfectly convinced and cured of his love,—but the idea of his folly, joined to that of having violated the laws of his country, and exposed his life to the mercy of Lord Veremont and young Burnaby, both having proved themselves capable of any crime, dwelt so forcibly upon his mind, that he never, after this, enjoyed any sort of society; his spirits were sunk, and his temper rendered stern and preevish, such as has been before described.—He retired

to reside upon his living at S——, where his pensive manners and singularity of living engaged the notice and friendship of Sir William Spencer, the regard for whom involved him in the fate of Elizabeth, and happily for her, prevented the completion of her marriage with his son;—for Mr. Frederic Brereton, and Mr. Frederic Burnaby were one and the same person.—How he came to change his profession with his name, was never accounted for,—but his extravagance had induced him again to try to procure a few thousands with a wife, although his first was living at the same time;—and Elizabeth Spencer was the destined victim of his duplicity.—He had penetration enough to see that she was in love with Lord Landover,

Landover, and by his art, soon prevailed upon her to mistake revenge for indifference,—and love for disappointment.

When she wrote to Mr. Burnaby for his approbation of her marriage with Mr. Brereton, she so exactly described him, that Mr. Burnaby could no longer doubt of his being his son; and upon enquiry he found he was in England, and acting the part which has before been represented. The letter which Elizabeth wrote was mis-sent, and it was six days before it reached Mr. Burnaby;—he then lost no time, but instantly set out, and never stopped (but to change horses) till he arrived in London, when he went immediately to Mrs. Green's, at whose

whose house Elizabeth had desired him to direct to her. From Mrs. Green he heard that the marriage had taken place that morning, and they were gone to Richmond, where he pursued and separated them in the mysterious manner before related. He then returned to his house, where this fresh proof of his son's dishonesty, and the little comfort he could derive from his own reflections, preyed upon his mind, and brought on a paralytic disorder, by which means his senses became so impaired as in some degree to lose the keen stings of reflection.

Previous to this state he had made a will, in which he had left his son a thousand pounds and his forgiveness, but expressing a wish never more to behold

behold him.—He left Elizabeth five hundred pounds, and distributed some other legacies.

Thus after a life of little comfort to himself, and still less to others, died Mr. Burnaby, in the fifty-ninth year of his age;—a man endowed with an uncommon strength of understanding, great judgement and penetration, but whose temper and disposition was rendered stern, violent, and oppressive, by a system of education productive of the misfortunes which marked his life.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

ELIZABETH having read the history of Mr. Burnaby, was lost in wonder at the many strange occurrences which it contained, and at the same time she was surprised at the discovery of Mr. Brereton's being his son, she gratefully expressed her thanks to Providence, which had so manifestly displayed its protection, in preventing

preventing her farther connection with a man of so unprincipled a character, and who was, at that time, the husband of another woman ;—and when she looked back upon her danger, she shuddered to think of her miraculous escape. Her own folly in uniting herself so hastily to a man of whom she knew so little, appeared in the most glaring colours; and she felt more unworthy than ever of that protecting power which had saved her. — She thought she could only have deserved it by the performance of duty and obedience to her father's commands, — never to take any important step without consulting Mr. Burnaby. — As this was the only part of her conduct she could approve; and though nearly too late, was the only means that

that could have prevented her ruin,—
she thought her father must have had
a presentiment of what was to happen;
and next to the care of the Almighty,
she attributed it to his pious prayers
for her safety.

She was now far from complaining
of her fate,—on the contrary, she
looked upon herself as an uncommon
instance of its favor.—She was snatched
by a friend from the brink of ruin,—
she had an ample fortune,—and she
had some few friends whom she va-
lued;—she was blessed with an unu-
sual share of health,—and she lived as
she liked. Mr. Burnaby's narrative
had cleared up all mystery, and ac-
counted, in a most extraordinary man-
ner, for the secret;—for it was what he
could

could never discover without exposing himself to the laws of his country. She kept up a constant correspondence with her uncle in Lancashire, and intended visiting him at some future period.—As to the Woodvilles, she saw but little of them;—Lady Woodville never cordially forgave her elopement.—She seemed a good deal affected at the relation of her sister's death, and Elizabeth presented her with a ring of some value in remembrance of Lady Spencer.—Miss Woodville had been some time married to Mr. Leyden, and exhibited abundance of Eastern splendour. Miss Charlotte Woodville had tried various methods of fixing her character, but as she chose to alter that which nature had designed her, she found it no very easy

easy matter.—She had been seized with a violent rage for the pleasures of a country retirement, and had formed hopes of captivating some country 'squire, by her professing to hate a town life,—and preferring the melodious notes of the nightingale, and the noise of gentle water falls, to the tones of the most celebrated opera-singer.—But here too she mistook her part, she never expressed herself naturally,—for when she saw a dirty fellow, in a coarse dress, spitting in his hand, and mowing a piece of grass, she called him an arcadian shepherd, and seemed surprised that the neighbouring 'squires, instead of admiring her refined taste, only laughed at her affectation.—She returned to London, therefore, quite disgusted with their

Vol. III. I ignorance,

ignorance, and her own ill success, and as she now began to verge upon old maidism, her temper lost much of its sweetness. Elizabeth shewed them all a proper attention,—but none of them were characters for whom she conceived any great veneration, except as relations of her mother. Captain Woodville, from his dissipated mode of life, had all the appearance of an old man; and George Woodville was gone to the East-Indies.

Elizabeth felt a very high degree of comfort in the reflection that she was perfectly independent of each of these relations;—and no less so, that fortune had supplied her with ample means of testifying her gratitude to those more humble (though not less worthy) relatives,

latives, in her uncle's family in Lancashire. Yet in the midst of all these comforts and blessings, there remained a chasm in her heart which no comfort could supply. The idea of Lord Landover always created a bitter pang, and left a fearful void in her heart.—The uncertainty of his fate remained still a secret;—nobody in England had received any account of his death, nor did they know that he was alive. In short nothing had transpired relating to him, and her fears suggested the worst. That his death (if he was dead) had in some degree been occasioned by his acquaintance with her, was a thought almost too painful to be supported, and it cast a gloom over a naturally chearful and lively countenance;—she tried in vain to conquer

it, every little circumstance recalled the idea to her memory, and she would have preferred the most cruel certainty to this more torturing suspense.

In order to account to my readers for this state of doubt, respecting Lord Landover, it will be necessary to go back to that part of my history which mentions the duel between Lord Veremont and Lord Landover, at Brussels. The former had, as he supposed, desperately wounded the latter, and left him for dead in a distant field from the town. Their quarrel had originated from Lord Landover's declaring he would not relinquish the hand of Elizabeth.— Lord Veremont called upon him to prove his right to such a prize, and the other vowed to be (at least)

least) a candidate for a prize, to which if he had no direct right, he had a prior claim, having known Elizabeth from a child. Lord Veremont urged him to decide the claim by the sword, and at day break they met in a sequestered spot, where Lord Veremont was slightly wounded, and Lord Landover (as before has been observed) left to all appearance dead upon the spot. Lord Veremont had not humanity enough to send any person to his assistance, or to see if he was quite dead, but taking advantage of the earliness of the day, he hastened to his lodgings, where he sent for a surgeon, whom he knew could be secret, and had his own wound dressed, without once bestowing a thought upon those of his antagonist. The surgeon,

(Incl) I 3 Madame

Madame de Tourval, and his own valet, were the only persons intrusted with the secret. Mean time the body of Lord Landover, which had received a very deep and dangerous wound, lay bleeding for many hours. Their quarrel and their duel had so immediately succeeded each other, that they had neither engaged seconds, or even assistants. The great quantity of blood which Lord Landover had lost, left him to all appearance dead, and in this state he was found by some peasants, who were going to their morning occupations. His appearance bespoke him of consequence, and one of the peasants observing his watch, proposed examining the contents of his pockets; but the other, who was possessed of more humanity, would

would not allow it, but proceeded to discover if he was quite dead. Notwithstanding he had lost such a quantity of blood, and had lain so long upon the cold ground, there were still some remaining signs of life, and the kind hearted peasant chewed some particular herbs, the virtues of which he was well acquainted with, and applying them to the wound, they instantly had the effect of stopping the bleeding.—He then insisted upon his companion's helping him to carry the body to his cottage, which stood at no great distance, that, whether the body was alive or dead, such remedies might be administered, which, if the former, would be likely to restore it.

Accordingly

Accordingly the body of Lord Landover was conveyed, by these peasants, to the cottage, which was very mean; where the wife of the peasant prepared a bed, and having poured some cordial down his throat, he presently shewed signs of life.—Though too weak to be able to articulate any words, he was sensible, and expressed tokens of thanks for their kindness;—and a surgeon being sent for the wound was dressed, but with very little hopes of recovery. As soon as he could speak to be heard, he directed them to send for his servant, who had been distracted at his master's absence, and by his suspicions had given rise to the report of his being killed, which report Elizabeth had overheard, and which had occasioned the officers of justice

justice to make enquiries after Count Velasco and Madame de Tourval, who were both alarmed, and thought it a good opportunity to go to the chateau. For a long time Lord Landover continued too weak to be moved, and his wound was in a very dangerous state.—His cure was considerably retarded by the reports he heard from the surgeon and others, concerning Count Velasco and Madame de Tourval. He trembled for the fate of Elizabeth, and when he could sit up, wrote several letters to inform her of her danger;—but supposing they never reached her hands, he determined, as soon as he should be able to get to Brussels, to make all possible enquiries concerning them.

Accordingly

Accordingly he was carried to Brussels, though very ill able to bear the motion even of so short a journey; and his disappointment, at finding no traces of them, when he came there, threw him back, and for a long time his life was despaired of. When he began to recover, he was ordered to the South of France for the re-establishment of his health, but a settled melancholy succeeded a very long and painful illness. His mind dwelt continually upon the miseries to which Elizabeth might be exposed, and he would have given worlds to have saved her. When his wound was perfectly healed, and his health so far established that he could venture to travel, he made a diligent search in all the places which he thought likely

to

to conceal the object of his wishes, but without success. He could hear of Count Velasco at no place; and it is indeed most probable that he was only known by that name at Brussels and its environs.

At length being wearied, and always disappointed, he entirely gave up so fruitless a search, and contented himself with rambling about from place to place, in order, if possible, to dispel that gloom which had taken so entire a possession of him; and without any settled plan, he pursued his route as fancy directed, or chance led him. If any thing curious or very interesting engaged his observation he would lengthen his stay to a considerable time;—if on the contrary there was nothing

nothing worthy of notice, he left it as hastily. Thus had he travelled over vast tracts of country and made many curious remarks.

One evening, after a very fatiguing day, he stopped at an ordinary looking post house, in order to procure refreshment for himself and his servant, and, if possible, a night's lodging.—The hostess told him she could give him but a very indifferent room, as all her best were engaged by a nobleman and his family. Lord Landover cared little what the room was, he had been too much used to all kinds of accommodation to be nice, and therefore told her to shew him to such as she had. A wretched place (with something scarce deserving the name

name of a bed, in one corner) was allotted for his apartment;—and as he eat his slight repast, he could plainly hear some part of the conversation from the adjoining room, which seemed only divided by a thin partition. He fancied some of the voices were not altogether unknown to him, but he was much fatigued, and did not attend to the certainty of it.—Having, therefore, finished his supper, he threw himself upon the bed without taking off his cloaths.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXIII.

HE was no sooner laid down than the sound of the voices again assailed his ear.—He was certain he had somewhere heard them before,—the idea kept him listening, and prevented his sleeping.—At length it occurred to him, that one of the voices was that of Count Velasco, and his imagination was all on fire.—Sleep was utterly banished,

banished, and he started from the bed and ran to the side of the room next the partition, and having applied his ear close to the boards, he was quite certain the voice was that of the Count. Though he could not distinguish any words very clearly, yet he plainly perceived there were two other persons in the room, who spoke each in their turn.—A low plaintive voice he conceived to be Elizabeth's, and the thought was rapture.—If he could be a means of rescuing her from these miscreants, what a reward might he hope!—But when the length of time that had elapsed since she had been in their power, occurred to his recollection, it at once represented the impossibility of her having escaped violation.—The thought was madness!

—yet

—yet still he might save her from such shocking society. Whilst he was thus debating with himself, and had taken out his pistols, he heard a trampling of horses on the outside of the house, — and instantly heard a voice hastily demanding to be shewn to the room in which was Lord Veremont;—who being known to Lord Landover, only by the name of Count Velasco, he therefore supposed he had been under a mistake as to the voice. His resentment and suspicion were suspended, and curiosity alone remained, which was immediately excited to the highest pitch, on hearing the stranger enter the room, which was immediately followed by the clashing of swords, and the screams of women. Lord Landover snatched up his pistols and advanced

advanced to the room whence the noise proceeded.

The first object that presented itself to his view, was one of the most beautiful girls his eyes ever beheld;—her figure the most elegant, and her whole person of the most exquisite and captivating form. She appeared to be about seventeen years of age,—her dress was mourning,—and her fine pale brown hair hung to her waist, in fine luxuriant tresses, and in the front, shaded a complexion of transparent fairness.—Her bloom and the vermilion of her lips, were retiring quick from their charming abode, by the blood which streamed fast from a wound under her breast, and Lord Landover received this lovely creature in his

Vol. III. K arms,

arms, just as she was falling.—He applied his handkerchief to the wound, and she opened her beautiful eyes, filled with inexpressible softness, and in a faint voice exclaimed, “O! my father!”—The contemplation of her charms, and the horror of seeing her wounded, prevented, for some moments, Lord Landover’s observing the persons who composed the rest of the party; but casting up his eyes, his conjectures were realized by the sight of Count Velasco, sunk in an arm chair, to all appearance in the agonies of death, and Madame de Tourval using her utmost endeavours to restore him. Another figure, likewise, exhibited to his view features not altogether unknown to him; and though time, and the uncommon distortion
of

of horror, which at present hung over his countenance, had occasioned some change, yet Lord Landover recognized in this person, the well remembered face of Frederic Brereton, who now seemed to stand motionless with horror: his sword reeking (as it proved) with his own daughter's blood, had fallen from his hand upon the floor,—his eye-balls seemed starting from their orbits,—and his whole frame shook with terror.

At this scene of woe, the explanation of which seemed denied to each by the total deprivation of speech,—Lord Landover was the first who spoke, and demanded some assistance for the dying girl, whom he held motionless in his arms; and whose beauty and

pitiabie situation had, for the present, quite obliterated every idea of Elizabeth. By this time, the servants and people of the house were assembled in the room,—each trying to collect some information, and to restore the two wounded persons, who had all the appearance of dying.

Lord Landover had carried the young lady to his own apartment, and laid her on his miserable bed; and whilst a female was employed in undressing her and endeavouring to stanch the wound, he had dispatched his servant for a surgeon. On his return he found Brereton (for he knew him by no other name) hanging over the body of this innocent victim, and calling upon her, in the bitterest tones
of

of distraction, for forgiveness;—who, though she could not speak, her looks seemed to testify that she was sensible, and she held out her hand as a token that she did forgive him. When the surgeon arrived and had examined both patients, he pronounced them to be equally dangerous;—and that he did not apprehend the young lady could live many hours. Extreme quiet being recommended as the only method of giving either of them a chance of life, Lord Landover and Mr. Brereton retired, for the remainder of the night; which was passed in a relation of the following facts, to which Lord Landover listened with wonder and attention, and which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXXIV.

MR. Brereton, addressing himself to Lord Landover, began his story by saying, "You see before you, my Lord, a wretch, who has so far and so shamefully disgraced his real name, as never to assume it.—Part of my history, previous to the time of my knowing your Lordship, and my acquaintance with Miss Spencer, must

“ must (for private reasons, and for
“ the sake of a father whom I have
“ not only disgraced but dishonored)
“ remain a secret, as also my real
“ name. It will be sufficient to ob-
“ serve, that at the time I married
“ Miss Spencer I had another wife
“ living; my father made the disco-
“ very, and providentially separated
“ us, when only the ceremony had
“ passed. The gentleman whom you
“ saw wounded is Lord Veremont,
“ who has taken the name of Count
“ Velasco, in order to conceal the
“ most daring and atrocious crimes.
“ If he has, from my hand, received
“ his death, it is a punishment justly
“ inflicted for the errors which he in
“ my youth encouraged into crimes.

“ You

“ You

“ You must observe that he is
“ many years older than myself,—ne-
“ vertheless, we were in habits of
“ great intimacy; and the follies and
“ improprieties of my youth, would
“ have been sooner corrected and re-
“ pented of, but for his example and
“ instigation.—My marriage, and the
“ means by which it was obtained,
“ were merely to gratify his revenge
“ and mortal hatred to my father; and
“ at the same time to rid himself of a
“ woman whom he no longer wished
“ to maintain.—Yes, I was the dupe
“ of his artifice,—and though I was
“ in immediate possession of money,
“ of which I then very much stood in
“ need, and I fancied myself in love
“ with the object I had married, my
“ pleasing

“pleasing prospects soon vanished,
“like a dream.

“We lived in a very dissipated and
“extravagant stile, on the Continent;
“where I took the name of Brereton;
“and finding our fortune by no
“means adequate to our expences, I
“embraced the profession of physick,
“having sold my commission in the
“army before I left England, and
“long since spent the money for
“which it sold. We hired a small
“house at Lisle, where my wife was
“brought to bed of a daughter, within
“the second year of our marriage;
“and where I practiced the profession
“of physick, with some success.

“It

“ It happened that I attended an
“ Italian gentleman, and being one
“ evening at his lodgings, another
“ gentleman of the same nation came
“ in.—He seemed of a very grave
“ countenance, and I fancied that he
“ particularly observed me ;—nor was
“ I mistaken, for when I took my
“ leave, he followed me out, and
“ walked with me some paces.—He
“ discoursed on various subjects, but
“ particularly spoke on the profits of
“ my profession. Whether by the
“ answers he drew from me he disco-
“ vered that my circumstances were
“ not the most flourishing, or whether
“ (which I am now most inclined to
“ suppose) he observed something in
“ my physiognomy that induced him
“ to put confidence, I cannot de-
“ termine,

“termine, but he accosted me in the
“following words:—

““Signior, I am the most unhappy
“of men, and it is in your power to
“render me the happiest,—and at the
“same time greatly benefit yourself.
“Know then, that ’till within these
“last twelve months, I had, for many
“years, considered myself as heir to
“a very noble estate, having only one
“brother, whose sickly constitution
“and debilitated habit seemed im-
“possible to be survived many months;
“yet, to my very great sorrow,—sur-
“prise,—and mortification, all of a
“sudden he took it in his head to
“marry a young woman of family
“and fortune;—and to my still greater
“surprise and farther mortification,
“she

“ she is now some months gone with
“ child, and my brother last week
“ breathed his last.—Now, Signior,
“ as I take you to be a man of pro-
“ found skill, and great judgment, as
“ such, I can recommend you to my
“ sister, who intends coming to Lisle
“ to lie in.—And you must, more-
“ over, see the impossibility of this
“ child’s being my brother’s,—and
“ the very great wickedness, as well
“ as shame, that it should inherit his
“ fortune.—I have pitched upon you
“ so to order and settle matters, by
“ your superior understanding and
“ love of propriety, by disposing of
“ this unworthy babe in such manner
“ as your prudence shall direct, so that
“ it may never more appear as the
“ inheritor of my fortune, or the
“ destroyer

“destroyer of my peace;—for which
“righteous and worthy act, you shall
“receive such a sum as shall put you
“above the fatiguing life you now
“lead, and enable you to defy the
“malice of your enemies!”—Here the
“Italian ceased speaking, and I took
“no great time to consider of a pro-
“posal which but too easily met my
“approbation, and I promised faith-
“fully to perform all that he asked.

“The lady soon afterwards came
“to Lisle, and for her better accom-
“modation, I lodged her in my own
“house; and when the time of her
“delivery arrived, I was myself her
“accoucher, and assured her the
“child was still-born. This had a
“very bad effect on her health and
“spirits,

“spirits, and it was a long time before
“she recovered; for she had sincerely
“loved her husband, and promised
“herself great comfort in the birth
“of her infant. When she was re-
“covered, she retired into a convent,
“where, having a good fortune of
“her own, she spent it in acts of
“charity,—and her time in those of
“piety and devotion.

“Her husband’s brother being now
“in full possession of the whole for-
“tune, I received the reward of my
“wickedness, even more amply than
“I expected. I grew haughty and
“imperious,—and, as if ill acquired
“wealth should not prosper, I en-
“gaged in an expensive law suit, oc-
“casioned by my own folly, and my
“fortune

“fortune being considerably reduced,
“I left a sufficient sum of money with
“my wife for the use of herself and
“our little girl, and with the re-
“mainder, I returned to England,
“where I still kept the name of
“Brereton. Meeting, at Dover,
“with some companions, amongst
“whom was an old school-fellow, who
“had the command of his Majesty’s
“ship, the —, and having told him
“that I had changed my name to
“inherit a small estate left me by a
“Godfather, I entered on board as a
“Lientenant, and served during a
“ten months voyage, in which time
“we went to Newfoundland; and re-
“turning to England, I found my-
“self but ill calculated for a society
“of men whose whole conduct is
“marked

“marked by worth and honor,—as
“well as by integrity and valour.”

“In consequence of this I left the
“ship, and came to London, where
“being acquainted with George
“Woodville, I got immediately in-
“troduced into Sir Charles Wood-
“ville’s family.—Miss Spencer was a
“very fine girl—with manners ex-
“tremely fascinating; and if ever I
“felt the power of love, it was at this
“period.—Moreover, I heard she had
“a large fortune, and was nearly of
“age. I considered it would be very
“easy to secure both, and then to
“carry her into some part of the
“world, where my first marriage
“would never be discovered.—And
“here, my Lord, I have to apologize
“to

“to you for the many arts I put in
“practice to draw the affections of
“that lady from your Lordship. I
“am now thankful (for her sake)
“that my project did not succeed,
“and as soon as it was discovered I
“left London that very evening, and
“made the best of my way to Flan-
“ders;—where I found my wife’s
“circumstances not more improved
“than my own. I heard that the
“Italian, for whom (by an act at
“which my soul shudders) I had se-
“cured a large fortune, had lived but
“a short time to enjoy the fruits of
“such iniquity:—Yet this shock of
“death had no effect upon me, I
“only meditated farther mischief;—
“for I conceived the design of
“passing my little daughter, who was
Vol. III. L “now

“ now grown a beautiful child, for
“ that which was stifled in its birth,—
“ and by persuading the mother it was
“ the same, secure into my own fa-
“ mily those riches, which to put in
“ the possession of another, I had
“ committed so wicked a crime. I
“ consulted my wife upon this occa-
“ sion,—who, I am sorry to say, was
“ always but too ready to acquiesce
“ in schemes of this nature. Ac-
“ cordingly, I proceeded to the Con-
“ vent, and enquiring for Signora
“ Maria Facini, I was immediately
“ shewn to her apartment; where,
“ having thrown a profound appear-
“ ance of contrition into my coun-
“ tenance, I threw myself upon my
“ knees at her feet, and implored her
“ to have compassion on a wretch,
“ whose

“ whose fate her breath should decide.

“ She was very much surprised,—and

“ conjured me to inform her of the

“ purport of my visit, and my strange

“ appearance. I then related to her

“ the proposal which had been made

“ me by her brother in law, previous

“ to her delivery,—of the large re-

“ ward he had promised me,—and the

“ secrecy by which I was bound.

“ Here the Signora interrupted

“ me, by exclaiming, with great vi-

“ olence, “ was you, then, such a

“ monster, as to destroy my child?”—

“ No, Madam,” replied I, “ my na-

“ ture recoiled at such an instance of

“ barbarity!—I saved your child

“ alive!—and though I never durst

“ produce it during the life time of

“ Signor Facini, yet now I can de-
“ liver up to you, a sweet creature,
“ worthy of so charming a mother !”
“ At these words the enraptured mo-
“ ther clapped her hands, in an ex-
“ tacy of joy, saying, at the same time,
“ Give me my child !—O, give me
“ my child !—and delay not, for a
“ moment, such a blessing !”

“ My wife, who had been pre-
“ pared for such a request, was waiting
“ in a coach at the gates of the con-
“ vent, with the child, whose age
“ was not more than a year older than
“ the real child of the Signora would
“ have been, which at the age of
“ eleven years was not discernable.—
“ My wife and myself, therefore, in-
“ troduced this lovely little creature,
“ who

“ who had been before told that we
 “ were not her parents, and that
 “ she was going to be carried to her
 “ real mother. Nothing could ex-
 “ ceed the beauty and elegance of
 “ this girl, except her uncommon
 “ sense and delicacy of manners.—
 “ Indeed, it would have been im-
 “ possible not to have loved this child,
 “ even where no relation or tie of
 “ blood had endeared her.

“ It would be difficult to describe
 “ the raptures with which the Signora
 “ received her,—she almost fainted
 “ with excess of joy, and only la-
 “ mented that she had been deprived
 “ of such a blessing during her infant
 “ years.

L 3 She

“ She asked me by what means I
“ concealed the child from the sight
“ of the women who were present,
“ —and said, she always fancied that
“ she had heard it cry. I told her,
“ that having declared it was still-
“ born, I hastily wrapped it up in a
“ blanket, and gave it to my wife, who
“ was on the outside of the door to re-
“ ceive it. The lady believed all I
“ said,—she renewed her caresses upon
“ the child,—she promised me a
“ pension for my life, and we returned
“ loaded with presents.

“ Nothing now remained, but to
“ prove the identity of the child’s
“ being living, to the relations of
“ Signor Facini, who were pretty
“ easily satisfied. Whenever my
“ wife

“wife or myself went to visit the
“child, she always shewed a natural
“fondness for us;—but this was im-
“puted to her having considered us
“so long in the light of her parents.
“And being at the same time a proof
“of our kindness to her, we were
“only more amply rewarded; and we
“had the pleasure of seeing our child
“grow up, adorned with every ac-
“complishment that fortune could
“bestow.

“The Signora hired a large house
“at Paris, where she was visited by a
“great number of the Noblesse, and
“our Maria was introduced to the
“Queen and the Arch-Duchess of
“Austria, and admired by the whole
“court.

“About

“ About seven months ago I re-
“ ceived a letter, informing me that
“ the Signora was seized with a vi-
“ olent illness, which soon after ter-
“ minated in her death. I hastened to
“ Paris, and found my daughter in-
“ consolable for the loss of her sup-
“ posed mother, who had made no
“ will, upon the idea that her daughter
“ was her only heir.

“ It was now the time to undeceive
“ my child, and claim her for my
“ own;—telling her at the same time,
“ she should always pass for the
“ daughter of Signora Maria Facini,
“ and under that name and title enjoy
“ the fortune. Whether from the
“ force of education, or that my
“ daughter was really born with better
“ principles,

“ principles, I know not, but certain
“ it was, that she seemed shocked at
“ the whole transaction, and declared
“ she would immediately restore her
“ possessions to their right owner:—
“ lamenting, in bitter terms, that she
“ had so long, though innocently,
“ imposed upon the best of women.—
“ This was a species of honor and in-
“ tegrity for which I was by no means
“ prepared, nor in the least expected.
“ I expostulated and threatened,—I
“ represented the crime of bringing
“ her father and mother to the pu-
“ nishment due to the practicing a
“ fraud.—This seemed to have some
“ weight with her, and she promised
“ to take time to consider of the
“ matter, though she had been deaf to
“ all other remonstrances; and seemed
“ still

“ still determined, by some means or
“ other, to make restitution to the
“ injured party.

“ In the mean time she would not
“ return home with me, but threw
“ herself under the protection of a
“ lady who had been a very particular
“ friend of her supposed mother. All
“ this happened about a month since,
“ and four days ago, I received in-
“ telligence that she had commenced
“ an intimacy with a Madame de
“ Tourval, who, it was supposed, had
“ carried her away from Paris. This
“ Madame de Tourval, I knew to be
“ a woman of infamous character, and
“ a creature of Lord Veremont’s, who
“ had practiced a multitude of arts and
“ deceptions in order to contribute to
“ his

“ his debauchery, and I was shocked
“ at the idea of the hands into which
“ my daughter had fallen.—I instantly
“ mounted my horse, and set forward
“ in pursuit of them.—This day I
“ traced their route, and having per-
“ fect information that they were
“ lodged in this house, I demanded
“ admittance; where, guessing that it
“ was the destination of my daughter’s
“ dishonour, I rushed furiously into
“ the room, with my drawn sword in
“ my hand, and demanded my
“ daughter, in a threatening accent.
“ This so enraged Lord Veremont,
“ that he drew out a hanger, with
“ which he made a pass at me; and as
“ I was returning it with my sword,
“ my dear child rushed between us,
“ and I fear (as a punishment for all
“ my

“ my crimes) has received her death
“ wound from my hand, and that you
“ here behold the wretched murderer
“ of his own lovely daughter.—Lord
“ Veremont too, I know, is wounded,
“ but his crimes, like mine, deserve
“ the severest punishment; and the
“ vengeance of Heaven seems to re-
“ quire a greater sacrifice than the
“ lives of such miscreants as we are.”

Here this extraordinary adventurer ended his story, the relating of which took up the whole night. Lord Landover was astonished at the villainy of which this man professed himself to be guilty; and entertained hopes that this last dreadful catastrophe would be productive of a lasting and sincere penitence.

He

He took occasion to enquire if he could give him any certain information concerning Elizabeth, but he said he never saw her after the day they were married; but if there was any suspicion of her having been in the power of Lord Veremont, the information might be extorted from Madame de Tourval.

Lord Landover then related the duel he had fought with Lord Veremont, under the title of Count Velasco; and that he supposed, in the confusion of the preceding night, his person was unknown to any of the party.

C H A P. XXXV.

WHEN the morning arrived, they were impatient to visit the poor wounded Maria, and being admitted to her bedside, she received them with a smile of serenity; and though she spoke very faintly, said she had slept composed. She stretched her hand to her father, and entreated him not to reflect upon himself for the wound

wound she had received, even should the consequence be fatal, for it was quite accidental, and, as she understood, given in defence of her honour. She conjured him to give up her fortune to the right owners, and if it could not be done without involving him in difficulties, still to conceal her being his daughter, and then they would, of course be her heirs at law. He faithfully promised that every thing should be executed according to her wishes, and she gave an expressive look at Lord Landover, as if asking him to be a witness of the promise. He looked at her with the most tender concern;—indeed it would have been impossible for any person less interested in her fate than Lord Landover was, to have viewed her with eyes of indifference.

ference. Her beauty seemed to be her least perfection, and the death-like languor which had overspread her fine features, exhibited a just picture of her mind. Her skin was of that dazzling whiteness which is seldom seen but when represented upon canvass,—and her beautiful blue veins, through which her blood seemed slowly to meander, as if unwilling to stagnate in that loved abode, where it had revelled in such high luxuriance, were finely contrasted with that whiteness.

Her eyes expressed the most enchanting softness and pity for those who now bewailed her fate, yet animated with an uncommon lustre, glowing

owing to the great exertion she had used in speaking to her father.

Lord Landover gazed on her with inexpressible marks of tenderness and admiration; he thought he had never before seen so lovely a picture exhibited in the human frame, and he would have given worlds to have saved her,—but her fate was decided. The surgeon, when he entered the room, expressed his displeasure at her having been allowed to speak so much, as he said it would hasten her death, which must inevitably happen in a few hours,—a sentence which none present could hear unmoved, and which took place in about three hours after. Lord Landover could not leave the room, and her father conti-

nued kneeling and supplicating for her life. When the last moments approached, she reached out a hand to each, and whilst her looks conveyed the most perfect innocence and happiness, she pressed their hands, and sighing breathed her last!—Lord Landover kissed the icy hand whose gentle pressure vibrated to his heart,—and it was some time before he could prevail upon either himself or the wretched father to quit the corpse.—The latter declaring, with all the marks of the most frantic rage, that he would immediately submit himself to the hands of justice, as a murderer, for he wished not to live.—But Lord Landover represented to him how much more necessary it was, to see that the last duties were properly and decently

decently admitted to his lovely daughter,—and that he would fulfil her request by making a restitution of her fortune. This roused him a little from his grief, and in the mean time Lord Landover made enquiry concerning the fate of Lord Veremont, whom he found in a very deplorable state;—not so much occasioned by the wound, as by that remorse of conscience, which seemed to have seized and taken fast hold of him. When he saw Lord Landover, he started as if he had beheld a spectre,—for in the confusion of the preceding evening, he had not observed him; but upon his approach he exclaimed, “What, are you likewise come, to complete my misery by recalling past scenes?” “I wish not,” replied Lord Landover,

“to add to your present misfortunes;
“but certain it is, there are some
“past scenes which must be brought
“to your recollection before we part.”
“Alas!” said Lord Veremont, “I
“know but too well what you mean,
“and I derive some comfort from be-
“ing able to give you a satisfactory
“account of the charming Elizabeth
“Spencer, and still infinitely more
“comfort that I see you now alive,
“and that your death is not added to
“that catalogue of sins for which I
“am now going to answer. For,”
continued he, “I left you for dead,
“and not having heard any thing of
“you since, I could scarce believe it
“was really yourself when you now
“entered the room.”

Lord

Lord Landover gave him a short and brief account of his recovery, and then begged he would tell him all he knew concerning Elizabeth. Lord Veremont then related the whole account of Elizabeth's coming to the chateau,—of his offers of marrying her,—his base designs in case of her non-compliance,—and of her discovering her mother, Lady Spencer, in endeavouring to make her escape.—He did her ample justice in relating her filial duty to her mother, her behaviour to him, and lastly of his seeing that she was properly attended to Brussels, from whence he heard she was afterwards escorted to England by one of her guardians.—This account could not fail to afford the highest satisfaction to Lord

Landover, and he gave Lord Veremont his hand in token of forgiveness. This poor object lay, tormented more by the reflections of his mind than the pains of his body. He confessed, that Heaven had been abundantly merciful to him, in preventing (by some extraordinary interruptions) the perpetration of some of his very worst designs. "Here," said he, "in this last instance, was I upon the verge of ruining the daughter of an old acquaintance and an early friend! The son too of my friend, whose youth I led to early vices, and whose father's days I embittered with everlasting fear and remorse!—Yes, Burnaby, I justly fall by thy hand!" "Burnaby?" replied Lord Landover, "why the person below is named
"Brereton."

“Brereton.” “No,” said Lord Veremont, “that is only a borrowed name;—his real name is Burnaby, son of the Rev. Mr. Burnaby of ———.” “Then,” said Lord Landover, “he is the son of my friend, also,—and of my father’s friend, with whom I passed my happiest days, and where I first became acquainted with Ellizabeth Spencer! —And that fair creature, whose dying voice still vibrates on my ear, was grand-daughter to Mr. Burnaby,—unhappy family that they have been!”

Lord Landover left the room of Lord Veremont, and went to seek Mr. Burnaby, whom he found in a very low way. He related to him all that had

had passed between him and Lord Veremont, and likewise the discovery he had made of his real name. "Has he told you that?" said Burnaby, "then I must desire you will keep it a secret; for there are reasons why I choose the name of Brereton, by which I have so long been known in this kingdom, and I am not likely now to return to England." "Why?" said Lord Landover, "If I might advise, it should be your going to England, and throwing yourself upon the mercy of your father's forgiveness." "No," said Mr. Burnaby, "I have offended him, past all forgiveness, and never more will he behold me!"

They

They both then proceeded to Lord Veremont's apartment, where his Lordship and Mr. Burnaby each exchanged forgiveness; both declaring their thankfulness that they had time allowed them for repentance, though bewailing the misfortunes which had brought them to it. On their return from Lord Veremont's chamber, they went to take a view of the dead Maria, where they found her mother, who was just arrived, weeping over her lovely daughter, on whose countenance death had not usurped any very disagreeable appearance.

Orders having been given for the removal of the body, for interment,—and Lord Veremont having hired a litter, to convey him to some place
where

where he might receive better accommodations, Lord Landover prepared to take his leave of persons, whose uncommon crimes had met with just punishment, and whose repentance, he hoped would be sincere. He could not but express his own thankfulness to Providence, which had so unexpectedly led him to persons who could give him the best information of those circumstances he was most desirous of knowing;—and at the same time shewed how vainly they attempted to pursue those unrighteous measures for which the arm of the Almighty was raised against them.

The death of the beautiful Maria had made a lasting impression upon him;—and while he lamented her fate,

fate, he could not but rejoice that she was taken from the power and society of wretches, who (though her parents) could only be considered in the light of cheats and murderers.

Full of these reflections he prepared to leave the Continent, and return to England, in search of his never to be forgotten Elizabeth; and for that expedition we will for the present leave him, and give the reader an account how Lord Veremont contrived to get possession of the gentle Maria.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THE discovery Elizabeth had made of her mother, together with the death of Lady Spencer, had for a short time, such an effect upon Lord Veremont, that he was seized with a transitory penitence, and made some faint resolutions towards a reformation; but the conversation and incitements of Madame de Tourval, joined to his

own

own natural disposition, soon obliterated all traces of amendment, and he again went in search of new pursuits. Being one evening at an opera, at Paris, he was wonderfully struck with the beauty and elegance of Maria's appearance. She was in mourning for her supposed mother, and came accompanied by Madame Ruvenirie, a particular friend of the Signora's.—The beauty and innocence of Maria instantly fascinated the eyes and heart of Lord Veremont. She appeared more lovely than any thing he had ever beheld,—and from the vague answers he received concerning her, he formed hopes of success. Accordingly Madame de Tourval was sent upon an embassy the most disgraceful to human nature;—and the arts of that detestable
woman

woman were again put in practice, not only upon the mind of the young Maria, but also to delude the more experienced and wary Madame Ruvenirie. In order to effect which, she, as before, affected the most chaste deportment, and exemplary manners.— She hired a house, at Paris, as also servants, and she appeared to have all things about her that bespoke a woman of fortune. She pretended that she had an only daughter, who had formed a resolution of devoting her life to a religious order, and that all the persuasions of her friends had been hitherto ineffectual to draw her from her purpose;—that she had taken this house, and formed this establishment in order, if possible, to divert the mind of her daughter from the cast it was

at present under,—and when every thing was prepared for her reception, she should return to her chateau and fetch her. In the mean time, she contrived, by every method she could devise, to make herself pleasing to the young Maria, and at the same time gain the favor and approbation of Madame Ruvenirie; in which she so well succeeded, that the latter placed the most perfect confidence in her good conduct, and the former was delighted with the picture she represented of her chateau, and the life they led in the retirement of the country, as charms which she had never known, and longed to experience. She often declared, how happy it would make her to be the means of persuading her daughter to remain with so amiable a mother,

mother, and partake of those innocent pleasures which were designed for her.

On these occasions Madame de Tourval would exclaim, "Ah, my dear child, I should have no doubt of obtaining my purpose, could we once prevail upon Madame Ruvenirie to part with you for a month. The conversation and persuasions of such a young creature as yourself, would be more powerful than all other arguments!" In short, the scheme was so well laid, that Madame Ruvenirie consented that Maria should accompany Madame de Tourval to her chateau, in order to induce the young lady, her daughter, to return to Paris.

Thus

Thus every thing being settled, poor Maria took leave of her kind friend, Madame Ruvenirie, without any forebodings that she should never behold her again.

Madame de Tourval, in order to elude any pursuit which her fears suggested might be made after them, did not take the direct road to the chateau, but followed a different route the first day:—and it was agreed on that Lord Veremont should meet them in the evening, in the character of Count Velasco, and an intimate friend of Madame de Tourval's, and as such he was introduced to Maria, whose heart was void of all suspicion.

In the mean time, one of the servants which Madame de Tourval had hired, she unwarily discharged, before she left Paris, and this servant having heard a coachman speak in terms of no great respect, concerning Madame de Tourval,—he began to entertain some suspicions not altogether unworthy of that lady's true character;—he, therefore, again applied to the same coachman, for further information, who made no scruple of mentioning Madame de Tourval in terms too gross to be repeated.

The footman having received this intelligence, and knowing that she had carried off one of the finest young creatures in the world,—feeling a degree

degree of honor, and perhaps not without some hope of reward, immediately went to Madame Ruvenirie, and told her all he had heard, and added all he suspected.

Madame Ruvenirie was almost distracted, and knew not what course to pursue, when at the same instant Maria's father arrived. He was no sooner informed of the suspicions than he immediately knew the party and their vile intentions. Bad as he was himself, he always fondly loved his daughter, and parental tenderness added warmth to his resentment. He waited not a moment, and though Madame de Tourval had taken a contrary route from the direct road, he traced them so exactly as to arrive at

the same post house in two hours after them, and at which place Lord Landover had likewise arrived at a short time before him, and was witness to the dreadful catastrophe before related; and where he left those unhappy people, to pursue that grief so justly due to the fair victim of their iniquity, and that penitence which their crimes so much required, whilst he proceeded to England.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXXVII.

WE must now return to Elizabeth, who, during the time these scenes were transacting on the Continent, was living in a very retired way, at her house which Mrs. Raymond left her in Hertfordshire. She had received more than one good offer of marriage, but her heart could never own but one possessor; and the untoward fate

which had attended her marriage, determined her to think of no more engagements. She lived with a few select friends, but she had not that dread or fear of solitude which can only be the effect of a weak mind, and which is often induced to mix with low and wretched society, rather than be alone.

Mr. Selwyn was a constant visitor, whenever business of the law (in which he was deeply engaged) would permit him; — and notwithstanding he was older than her father, he was a young looking man, — and consequently the neighbours, particularly those whom she did not visit, gave him the appellation of her lover, of which Mr. Selwyn had not the most distant idea.

He

He loved Elizabeth as his ward, and in some degree as his child, —and she always looked upon him in the light of a father; and whenever she walked out with him, would hang upon his arm with the same endearing fondness.

When Lord Landover arrived in England, his first care was, to enquire after Elizabeth, and to know if she yet remained unmarried. He heard, indeed, that she was single, but that she was upon the point of being very shortly united to a gentleman who was a constant visitor to her, and for whom she was supposed to entertain a great partiality.

This was a disappointment for which Lord Landover was by no means

means prepared. He had hastened to England with the hope of finding Elizabeth unmarried and disengaged; and this idea had given an elevation to his spirits which the hope of certainty had inspired, and only now seemed to render his disappointment the greater.

His estate, which was situated in one of the most delightful parts of Devonshire, required his immediate presence;—but as hope will not readily yield to despair, he was determined to be more perfectly convinced of his doom, and to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears the full extent of his misfortune, before he proceeded to his house.—Yet to hear a declaration in favor of another,
from

from the lips of Elizabeth, was what he was not equal to bear;—for this reason he resolved to watch her.—Accordingly he placed himself in the vicinity of her house, in Hertfordshire, where he again had the mortification of hearing that she was very shortly to be married to a gentleman who was a very constant attendant.

Lord Landover wished much to see her once more,—and also to see, if possible, his hated rival; and he wished to see them when he himself might be unobserved. For this purpose, he made no attempt to visit her, but took views of the garden and adjacent walks, without going very near the house. He made several attempts of this nature, but always without

without success, for he had not yet been able to obtain the least glimpse of Elizabeth.

Mrs. Raymond had, during her life time, been served by a set of servants, more valued for their honesty and simplicity of manners, than for any other qualifications;—and when Elizabeth came to take possession of her house, she retained such of them in her service as she best approved, and only such as she had occasion for; and as every thing which formed her establishment was more calculated for comfort than shew, she was not displeased with their old fashioned appearance, or their no less old fashioned notions.—The chief of the female domestics was a middle aged woman, who

who served in the capacity both of lady's maid and house-keeper, and was frequently encouraged by Elizabeth in conversations which she would not have allowed a more modern servant.

It happened, that as this house-keeper was one evening with Elizabeth, attending her undressing, that she never spoke, and was observed to fetch long and heavy sighs. — Elizabeth having enquired the cause of this apparent uneasiness, the good woman replied, “I cannot tell what is the matter, not I, but I wish we were all well out of this house.” “Why,” returned Elizabeth, “what is it you dislike?—I thought you preferred my service, and wished to remain
“ in

“ in this house.” “ So I do, Madam,”
said the house-keeper, “ and Heaven
“ knows I never wish to serve a better
“ lady;—but we be all an us fright-
“ ened out of our wits,—for sartain
“ sure old mistress is come again
“ and walks.—I’m sure she was un-
“ easy enough in her mind, poor soul,
“ when she was alive; and Dame
“ Grippard, upon the heath, says as
“ how she comes again because she
“ promised to give her a new gown
“ when she was married,—and can’t
“ be easy in her grave by reason that
“ she never had the gown.—And John
“ declares he see her, last night, look-
“ ing over the garden hedge, in a
“ long white coat, and a face as pale
“ as ashes!”

Elizabeth

Elizabeth had great difficulty to suppress her laughter, at the simplicity of her servants, but putting on a very serious air, she replied, "Let me hear
"no more of this nonsense;—as to the
"gown, Dame Grippard shall have
"it, though I think she does not de-
"serve one, for daring to speak so
"disrespectfully of so good a woman
"as Mrs. Raymond, and I desire I
"may never more hear any thing of
"this kind." Elizabeth was in hopes that she had, by this timely reprimand, effectually laid the ghost; but repeated whisperings, terrors, and fears at going out of doors, after the day closed in, convinced her there was some mystery, of which she was determined to be informed. Having enquired where the ghost was generally to be observed, she
was

was resolved to watch herself; for tho' she did not give much credit to supernatural appearances, yet she fancied this concealed some trick which she should be able to discover.—She, therefore, when the evening approached, walked to the bottom of some elm trees, and sat herself down upon a bench, where she waited 'till the evening was nearly closed, without either seeing or hearing any thing of the ghost; but being tired of waiting, just as she was thinking to return, a rustling amongst the trees rather alarmed her, and she almost repented having come alone.—Upon looking up, she saw, to her great surprise, a tall figure with a pale face, indeed, but so unlike Mrs. Raymond, that she was very certain it represented the person of Lord Landover. She
was

was really alarmed, and with a faint scream exclaimed, "Lord Landover!" — His Lordship finding himself discovered, approached Elizabeth with the most respectful apology, "Pardon, my " dear Miss Spencer," said he, "this " intrusion, and let the misery to " which I am reduced plead forgive- " ness for having recourse to this me- " thod of taking a *last* look and leave " of the only woman I can ever adore!"

The joy and surprise which Elizabeth felt at seeing Lord Landover alive and before her, entirely divested her of all thought or reserve, and she hastily replied, "Good God! my " Lord, what is it you mean by a *last* " leave, when this is the happiest mo- " ment I have experienced since I last " saw

“ saw you?” Expressions like these could not fail of banishing from Lord Landover’s mind, all that before was doubtful,—and an explanation immediately took place, which ended in such satisfaction as can better be conceived than described ; and Elizabeth ushered into her house the ghost of Mrs. Raymond, in the shape of a fine young man, who meditated carrying away the mistress as soon as possible.

Mr. Selwyn highly approved of the match, and in a few days presented to Lord Landover the hand of Elizabeth, who were each rewarded for their many fatigues and disappointments, by innumerable blessings.

THE END.